

Pindar (P) friend

NUMBER 1

THE
KIRWANADE:
OR
POETICAL EPISTLE.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO

THE MODERN APOSTLE!

In Consequence of his very spirited Behaviour at the CHAPTER,
held lately at St. Patrick's.

—DUBLIN:—

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

By JAMES PORTER, No. 122, ARMY-STREET.

1791.

ARGUMENT:

THE following Pages contain the genuine Reflections of the Author, not only on the Subject of the CHAPTER; but also on a Pamphlet, *London* printed, and *Dublin* re-printed, by P. WOGAN, No. 23, on the Old-bridge, in which Pamphlet is a Discourse on *Religious Innovation*, pronounced by the Rev. W. B. K——N, at his Excellency's the *Neopolitan* Ambassador's Chapel, the 20th day of March, 1786. And also a Letter to his Friend in Galway, dated June the 19th, 1787, giving his Reasons for quitting the *Roman Catholic* Church.

§ The Quotations are literal extracts from Mr. K——N's Discourse on *Religious Innovations*, and also from his *Letter* to his Friend in *Galway*. If therefore, the Verification possesses any merit, it must be ascribed to that Luminous Phenomenon, who, tho' born in this *Country*, "with whom "no other can, he says, dispute the Palm of Ignorance,"—took, we suppose, the wings of the Island (as Ballooning was not then in fashion) and flew for Education, to the more polished Climes of *Italy, Rome, France, &c.*

E R R A T A.

p. 12, 1st. line, for too, *read* two,
17, last line, for descriptitude, *read* decripitude.

THE
KIRWANADE.

MOTTO.

Great Pulpit Drum Ecclesiastic,
Who left thy Beads and life monastic,
To thump with fist of independence,
Whilst beaus and bishops dance attendance.

UNKNOWN either, and to both un-
known,
An individual, fearless and alone,
I lift the Gauntlet, in full Chapter thrown
By THEE, O! K-----n, with satanic grace,
Into thy friend, the Lord Archbishop's face.

B

Now,

Now, tho' each murky vice within thy charge,
 Held the dominion of his soul at large,
 Was it for *thee*—ungrateful, to extend
 The line of censure on thy only friend ?
 What Votes—what Chapters—strew'd thy monkish way ?

Except amongst the NUNS—thy freedom lay.
 How couldst thou lift then thy ungracious feet
 'Gainst Him whose bounty rais'd thee to that seat ?
 Even HASTINGS, tho' an enemy to rhyme,
 Took special care *you* should not lose your time.*
 Th' Archbishop mark'd you with an eagle's eye,
 On his strong pinions taught the wren to fly,
 And gave to words what worth alone should buy }
 His Grace, when Hoath's fair prebend he bestow'd,
 Set up the landmark of ingratitude ;

For

* Vide the *Retort Curteous*, lately sent to the A—d—n of Dublin.

For this—beneath th’ostentatious “glare,
 “Of lib’ral sentiment,” you loudly tear
 Your benefactor’s dignity and name,
 Abuse his favors, and asperse his fame;
 And in the blackest tints, have coarsely drest,
 Each venial foible of the human breast.
 For, of a Prelate say the most you can,
 He’s neither more nor less than—mortal man.
 And tho’, to serve his family and friends,
 By partial means—he gain’d as partial ends—
 We must allow such actions and such thoughts,
 Faults in the gross—but not the grossest faults.

Forgive the pun, Great Preacher, and correct
 The lit’ral errors, for you’ll ne’er detect
 A single falsehood in these humble lines,
 Where Truth and Nature, tho’ not Genius, shines.

I write

I write to please myself—perhaps, the town ;
 I fear no mitre—and I wear no gown ;
 The pulling off at least, of which, can make
 A greater diff'rence than 'tween sleep and wake.
 No Terror, K——N, marks thy brow for ME,
 I boldly lift the voice of Truth to THEE !
 If *thou* be'st *He*!—but O how fall'n ! how chang'd !*
 From HIM, for whom St. *Peter's* pews were rang'd
 In shining circles of the great and fair—
 Who, for *thy* preaching, had dispens'd with prayer.

As Actor—Orator—I own thy pow'r,
 And feel the transport of the passing hour ;
 Declaiming, K——N, is thy strongest *forte*,
 In *Church*—at *Chapter*—and (tho' late) at *Court* ;
 At Declamation, Thou art great, indeed,
 Either, it seems, for, or against—thy creed ;
 That

* *Vide* Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

That Creed, for seventeen centuries rever'd,
And "handed down unalter'd—unimpair'd."

Which of thy warm professions shall we b'lieve?
Or which Archbishop did you best deceive?
How grossly did you daub the Mother Church,
And then, as basely, left her in the lurch.
Say!—was it disappointment, pique, or whim,
That made you amputate so stout a limb?
Or was it Anthony's temptation came,
Propria persona, to put out the flame
Of holy zeal, that had inspir'd thy tongue,
To vindicate the Church from every wrong?
Thy veneration was so very warm,
That it admitted not the least reform;
But, like a hungry connoisseur, could trace
Thro' age and error, the primeval grace;
The tints original of Christian paint,
And genuine gusto of each master saint.

But,

But, for a while, I wave both rhyme and reason,
For this, your barefac'd apostolic treason.

And call you, K——N, to the pointed charge,
By naked truth—exhibited at large ;

Tho' not before the general election,

That hinted per'od, when a close connexion

'Tween *Luke* and *Nich'las* should, by high direc-
tion,

Unite at once thy int'rest and thy vote—

And shew how turning had improv'd thy coat.

The Archbishop promis'd, if we take *your* word,

A thing impossible, as 'twas absurd ;

For, how could he delib'rate upon giving

St. Luke's to *thee*, and the incumbent living ?

Or could the Archdeacon tell him to a day,

When poor old PHILLIPS should lay down his
clay ?

The

The words you wrote must have suppos'd him
dead—

Or was his Grace t'have knock'd him on the head,
And made a present of his parish dues,
To feed thy av'rice, and fill the pews
Of churches, at the courtly end of town,
Where no plebean hearers could fit down.

But grant, you did not literally mean
The words, which in the newspaper are seen ;
I only answer them, to shew you, Sir,
How indigested anger courts a slur.
Of such absurdity the lines were full—
Witts call'd the paragraph, Pope K---'s bull.

So when *Lunardy* and his Cat came down,
From their excursion in the air balloon,
The cloud-capt travellers were forc'd to hire
A good intelligent well-spoken fryar,

To

To read in black and white, and then expound
 Their various feelings between sky and ground
 To ev'ry gaping Cokney who was willing
 To see the brute and give a splended shilling.*

But to return—each parish thought its poor,
 Of ample—frequent—benefactions sure;
 But how could the parishoners expect
 That taste, like theirs, a gall'ry could erect,
 Where thy fair auditors could flirt the fan,
 In admiration of—the charming man :
 Of whose best sermon, tho' indeed, divine,
 They seldom carry'd home,—a fingle line.
 The fair ones fill'd with rapture and surprize,
 Saw with their ears, and listen'd with their eyes.
 Thou great Philanthropist ! whose trible name,
 So lately added a third wing to Fame ;

How

The explanation of the above Note, in our next.

How couldst thou so inhumanly forsake,
 A shiv'ring flock, and yet their wool partake;
 So closely shorn, to bring an offering due
 To such a Pastor, as they imag'd you.
 Without an Altar, or a sacred dome,
 Tho,' by-the-bye, that *Altar* smacks of Rome.

Three of thy Sermons could with ease have built
 A parish church, and all its cherubs—gilt.
 Ill-fated parish, that thou didst not share,
 The soften'd breezes of politer air.
 Dead to the joys of preaching amongst you,
 To Bath the hippish Prebendary flew,
 There—dreaming at Preferment's golden door
 He saw a visionary—Sinecure.
 But soon, the ariel fabric tumbling down,
 Impres'd his brows with an unalter'd frown;

C

Like

Like too black clouds they met, and shew'd be-
tween,

A gathering tempest of impregnate spleen.

Fatigued—with crossing disappointment's bay;

Dumb—inaccessable—a while he lay;

Too weak to preach—too violent to pray.

Till, in full Chapter, all his soul pour'd out,

Just like the breaking of a water-spout.

Vindictive rage, and fork'd sarcasm hung

With reckless venom, on his desp'rate tongue.

Ingratitude!—of all black crimes the worst,

On Heaven's just records; and, indeed, the first;

A double portion, both of pence and power,

Repaid his coming—at the eleventh hour.

Ungrateful K-----N, how couldst thou forget,

(Or if rememb'ring) how repay the debt.

Like Milton, to compare great things with small,

As did the Archangel, previous to his fall.

Poor

POOR PHILLIPS liv'd, just long enough to prove
His would-be successor's abundant love :

And tho' th' Archbishop may have faults enow,

He acted, K——N, as he ought—toward you.

I know him not; nor ever saw his face :

Yet, from my Soul, I venerate his Grace,

For not bestowing, on demand at least,

Th' incessant cravings of a haughty Priest.

Who, tho' his tongue was fed with dew from

Heav'n,

Sour'd the rich Manna with Ambition's Leaven.

Yes, K——N, answer to that charge; or own,

That for Ingratitude—you stand alone.

But, how could our Church Dignitaries hope

That filial reverence, which you owe the Pope.

Yes, owe him, K——N; for the Vows you made,

In spite of all the "glittering parade,"

In

In which you dress Desertion's recreant form ;
The Vows you made, were broke while they were
warm.

" The awful hour of Ordination sure,"
That saw you prostrate on the sacred floor,
Beheld the solemn Vows you made, to keep
" Your Flock in safety, and preserve your Sheep"
From Wolves in fleece, and every other harm,
By sounding loud—the " Trumpet of alarm"
" The guide of some—responsible—for all,"
" The Truth in danger," was the Shepherd's call,

Are not the words your own, these verses quote ?
They must, indeed, for they're divinely wrote.
As a poor scribbler, I confess the itch,
And with thy language will my own enrich.
Thy Sermon lyes before me, to inspire
Religious fervor and poetic fire.

The

The See of Rome has lost a friend in you,
 As fierce as broadfac'd Henry—and as true.
 For, sixteen months before that period came,
 That saw your ingrefs to new Faith and Fame,
 How did the thunder of your words enforce,
 The Romish Faith, and trace its lineal course,
 Thro' seventeen centuries, direct and clear,
 "Old as the Gospel, and as Truth—sincere."
 "What mark'd and pointed reprobation hung"
 On every flowing period of thy tongue,
 Against the "scribbling wretch" who dare presume,
 To break the "Wall that sep'rates us from Rome."

That levell'd Wall belongs to a Divine, *
 Justly so call'd, whose breast is Mercy's shrine;
 Whose steady Faith, admits him not to feel,
 The short-liv'd fallies of intemp'rate Zeal.

Infali-

* The Rev. Mr. O'Leary,

Infallibility—to God alone

He gives, and worships Him on Reason's throne:

But literal Christians who, like him can see,

A Brother's features in an Enemy §

May live and die good Catholics, 'tis true,

And go to Heaven—but ne'er can equal you.

The Monster, call'd Religious Innovation,

You drag'd before the assembl'd congregation;

By thee the Monster was a victim made,

“Tho' hatch'd within the Sanctuary's shade.”

“Licentious Teachers and false Brethren” saw

The Church's champion, and were struck with awe.

Thy warning voice was like a trumpet heard,

The hoary doctrines of the Church to guard,

To

§ *Vide.* O'Leary's Tract on Religion.

To find the "Serpents that in Altars lay,"
 And drag Religious Treason into day.
 Thy voice re-echo'd thro' the sacred dome
 With exclamations in defence of Rome,†
 In words like these,—“ Unnatural children cease
 “ To wound a venerable parent's peace.”
 Ungrateful—children to attempt such things,
 “ Fed with her milk, and shelter'd with her
 wings.”

Your parent's peace was not too dearly bought
 With faith implicit, tho' it muffles thought;
 Submission absolute, and fond respect,
 That shades or sanctifies her worst defect.
 The Church's age should its excuses bring,
 “ And make descriptitude a sacred thing.”

Are

†Alluding to the day he preached the Sermon on Innovation.

Are these thy metaphors? Dear Sir,—if not,
 Refute each false quotation with a blot:
 But if they be—how could your fingers bend
 To write, that Letter to your Galway friend?
 In which you mention, like a second wife,
 The day which form'd “that era in your life”
 That left your aged Parent in the lurch,
 And gave your tongue to the establish'd Church.

When DOCTOR HASTINGS, whose intrinsic worth,
 “Attention and politeness” you set forth,
 Pass'd you thro' all the forms of recantation,
 Which saves, it seems, a second ordination.
 You also say, that in “the step you've taken”
 “No system in peculiar you've forsaken.”
 If so, Dear Sir, your Sermon must have been
 The mere effects of literary spleen,

Against

Against some Monk, whose co-religious art
Of thy intentions, might have got the start.

No other reason; or at least no better,
Can be assign'd for *Sermon* or for *Letter*.

One passage there, good Sir, I much dislike,
Which (in my poor opinion) seems to strike
At Revelation, in the literal sense,

That clothes our Faith with heavenly excellence.

You say—you “envisage Christianity,”

“On cool deliberating thought to be,”

“An institution practic,” and design’d

To regulate the morals of mankind,

And be Religion’s Life-guard in the mind.

The Gospel influ’nce may all Christians feel,
With humble love and unaffected zeal;

D

But

But to *envisage* the redeeming word
 In any "measure," but as Christ the Lord,
 If not quite blasphemous—is quite absurd. }
 And to place Faith in philosophic view,
 Remains, I hope, Dear Sir, alone with you;
 Whose Sermon, Letter, Actions, all reveal,
 How near Apostacy's ally'd to Zeal;
 Who was more zealously attach'd to form
 Than you? who now, with "lib'ral rapture"

warm,

"Look forward to the glorious period, when"
 Immers'd from bigotry, the sons of men,
 Shall break the "mythic fetters" they have worn,
 And treat those "hoary" sentiments with scorn;
 Which you so lately charg'd them to revere,
 And hold for ever—and for ever—dear.

"Fathers

"Fathers—Apostles—Doctors—and Divines,"
 Can you believe that K——N pen'd those lines?
 K——N, who set his countenance like flint—
 Whose *Innovation Sermon*—walks in print.
 Where, in each line, by force prophetic led,
 He mark'd the out-line he was doom'd to tread.
 Yes, he has trod such steps as feed the sneer
 Of every little "dreaming pamphleteer."

K——N, in one particular alone
 You acted quite consistently I own;
 Your Reformation did not come by halves,
 Like Jeroboam and the golden Calves.
 Whether allur'd by thirst of fame or gold,
 When you design'd to climb into our fold;
 Like Milton's hero you o'er leap'd all bounds,
 Between the Pope's and the Archbishop's grounds,

Indeed

Indeed, no titular Saint or Lord,
 To worth like thine could give a due "reward;"
 'Tis nat'ral therefore to suppose the bait,
 Which Fancy hook'd thee with, indeed was great.
 Our Church desirous of thy pow'rful tongue,
 Lawn sleeves and mitres in perspective hung.
 Ambition saw th'aspiring wishes roll,
 On its own ocean—and *harpoon'd* thy soul.

But at that Chapter, where St. PATRICK
 blush'd,
 To see Decorum by a Prebend crush'd;
 At that sad Chapter, where your desp'rate tongue
 With all the fangs of disappointment hung,
 Gave way to violence, and spoke such evil
 Of our Church dignities, as sham'd the Devil.

To

To save yourself and government a crime,
 Amidst the storm, you broach'd one truth in time—
 "That of all tyrants with which earth was curst,
 An Ecclesiastic Tyrant—is the worst."^{*}
 Thus Heaven in mercy to thy flock and thee,
 Has barr'd thy ent'rance to a bishop's See.
 A fullen satellite thou must remain,
 A moving fire, in the Archbishop's train.

PATT. PINDAR.

* Mr. K——n's own words at the Chapter held lately in
 St. Patrick's.

To save yourself and government a crime
I will the form you broach'd one truth in mine—
That of all systems which earth was e'er
An Ecclesiastic Tyranny is the worst.
I have been in many to thy flock and thee
Has lent thy ear to a bishop's see.
A bishop's office thou must remain

A moving line, in 76 EE 4
BATTY PINDAR.

St. Paul's—his own words at the Church held lately in
St. Paul's.